ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR

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BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MAY 18, 1874.

NO. 20.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. BARTON.

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self-gratulation :

to be lost:

"Well I made it !"

"Yes you did." said the sore-headed

passenger, "but you durned old fool, this

A GRANGER'S DREAM .- The Lanark

Gazette, a staunch Granger paper, pub-

lishes the following which is too good

A Granger dreamed that he died ; he

went straight to the spirit-world; he

knocked at the gate of the New Jerusa-

lem and it was opened unto hun. The

books were opened; be was asked, "did

you ever belong to any secret societies?"

to which he replied, "I did. To the

Grangers." "Then, sir, you cannot be

admitted, depart." He then went to

the door of the bottomless pit, where

the same questions were again asked him

by the Devil, and again he was told to de-

part. After he had gone a little way

off he was accosted by the homely ruler

of the pit, when the following proposi-

tions were made: "Stranger said Nick.

"I will not admit you here: they do

not want you in Heaven; but I will sell

you two hundred barrels of brimstone

for cash, ten per cent, off, and you can

start a little hell of your own, with no

WATERPROOF GREASE FOR BOOTS .- In

should be treated as follows: Take a

pound of the best fresh tallow or hard

mutton suet and melt it in an earthen-

ware dish with half a pound of bees-wax

and about half an ounce of rosin, and

apply the compound to the leather while

agents or middle-men.

boat aint going out, she's coming in."

IRASBURGH.

DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS, Irasburgh, Vi. 2-24 W. D. TYLER.

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S. STANFORD. THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on Hand at his Post of Trade where Every man to Trade for G .ods in his line, such as Harnnessand a good place for travelers horses at his barn.— trasburgh, Vt.

MISCELLANEOUS,

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WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskete Eables and Trimmings of every description— reasonable. West Albuby, Vt.

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CUTLER & GOSS. MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs,
Greensboro, Vt.

SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton guent than this.

CICELY.

Cicely says you're a poet; maybe; I ain't much on rayme: I reekon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every

Poetry! that's the way some chaps puts up an idee, But I takes mine 'atraight without sugar,' and that's what's the matter with me, Coctry !-just look round you,-alkali, rock and sage: Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; nin't it a pretty page! Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night And the shadow of this yer station the only thi moves in sight Poetry !-Well now-Polly! Polly, run to your mans

Run right away, my poety! By by! Ain't she a lamb Poetry !-that rounds me o' suthin' right in that suit Jest shut that door than, will yer, -for Cecly's ears i Ye noticed Polly,-the baby! A month afore she Cicely-my old woman-was moody-like and forlorn :

Out of her head and crary, and talked of flowers and Family man yourself, sir! Well, you know what a Narvous she was, and restless,-said that she 'couldn't Saty -and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.

But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that One night.—the tenth of October,—I woke with a chill and fright. For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't

But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "couldn't stay," But had gone to visit her neighbor,—seventeen miles When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see. For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as

is off the scent, for there warn't no track in the darkness to tell I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to Lost on the plains in '50, drowned almost, and shot; But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife, 'Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called and I held my

And "Cicely" came from the canyon,-and all was as And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the And jest but a wisper of "Cicely!" down from them ain't what you call religious,-but I jest looked up And-this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie:

But up away to the east ard, yaller and big and far, I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star Big and vallar and dancing, it seemed to becken to me Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see: Big and valler and dancing,—I never saw such a star. And I thought of them sharps in the bible, and I went for it then and thar.

over the brush and bowlders I stumoled and rushed Keeping the star afore me, I went wherever it led. It might hav been for an bour, when suddent and peart and nigh.
Out of the yearth afore me there riz up a baby's cry. Listen! than's the same music; but her lungs theyr'e Stronger now

Than the day I packed her and her mother,—I'm
derned if I know how. But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o'

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, Jest sling her a rhyme bout a baby that was born in speak of the star, don't tell ow 'twas the doctor's labtern,—for maybe 'twon't

"As to work for a living." -BRET HARTE. IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY .- A resident of Sacramento, California, has lately given up steamboat travel, and now, border .- "My gracious mamma, what do when he wishes to go to San Francisco, you suppose these my hands were given he provides tickets by railway. His to me for? Now, if I were a romantic preferences for the latter method of lo- damsel, I should shed a few tears and comotion came about this wise: Not long take to poetry and the guitar, and see ago he had occasion to go to the metrop- you suffer, and consider myself generalolis of the pacific coast, and accordingly ly, in the light of a victim! But I am he started for the steamer's landing, with not !" pursued Becky, setting her little a carpet sack in one hand and a cane in | white teeth close together ; "and so I'm the other, in what he supposed to be going up to Milldean to try and get a ample time. But when he came in sight situation there.' of the wharf he observed the boat apparently swinging away from her moor- to the housekeeper." ings, and, amid the shouts and ieers of the bystanders, he broke into a frantic the kitchen and lady president of the run for the landing. The boat was 8 or 9 | pies and pastry ! Now mamma, don't feet from the wharf when he reached the pray, look so horrified! Six dollars a place where he had hoped to find a gang | month is quite a sum, and I tell you we plank, but nothing daunted, and trust- must have money !"-Mrs. Martel did ing to the momentum acquired during not answer, taking refuge in a disconsolate

the run, he leaped into the air and gain- series of sighs, and Becky put the stray ed the vessel's deck. Not without acci- curl back under the shaker, and walked dent, however. The carpet bag struck away up the country road, to where the one passenger so violently in the stom- Milldean gleamed whitely through the ach that he doubled up like a jackknife, evergreens upon the hill side.

and absorbed a whole flask of brandy in The superb Bourbon roses hung getting straightened out, while the cane | crimson drapery over the terrace in front, struck a man in the face with sufficient the honey suckles were all alive with force to suddenly induce him to get down | murmuring, the close shaven grass beon his knees to look after his hat. When fore the portico was sprinkled with a shower of bright dandelion blossoms, as he had recovered it, the man who had Becky's madder-red dress brushed lightoccasioned all this commotion, said to him in a tone of mingled apology and ly over them and her elastic foot pressed down their bright disks.

tains. Did you wish to see her ?" the kitchen maid's situation is vacant." you recommend any suitable person to

"I can recommend myself!" "Yourself!"

Becky Martel laughed at Miss Brown's look of dismay.

something." shares in such Company or other that rendered you independent ?"

"Oh!" said Anastasia. "But, Becky,

though it should be in a kitchen?' Anastasia shrugged her shoulders

"Why don't you teach, or take sewing or something of that sort?" Becky bit her lip; she did not like this species of catechism.

warm, but not too hot. The soles as "I don't teach, because the district well as the uppers should be soaked school is already taken; I don't sew, bewith this preparation. The wax tends cause nobody in this vicinity has any to render the leather more durable and sewing to give me. Now will you allow pliable, because it is an excellent antiseptic. There is no better leather un- me to pass ?"

"Becky ! are you in earnest ?" "Why not, mamma? Don't you see it's a self-evident fact that money must be obtained in one way or other, unless we prefer starvation to death; an alter. errand. native which I, for one don't relish "

The Master of Milldean.

resolutely over her silky brown cur's your hands is as white as our Stasia'swhich would have driven a Broadway hair-dresser frantic with envy, and drew back the curtains of the kitchen window admitting a flood of bright May sunshine over its well secured boards.

Well, after all, there may be as much romance in a kitchen as in a boudoir.-Don't you believe it? Then I wish you could have seen the bunch of purple lilac plumes in the pitcher on the table, and the tin teakettle prosing on the stove, and the glowing scarlet peppers that hung above the chimney, and above all, Becky herself "in madder red" calico that fitted as prettily as if it had been the royal purple velvet that Mrs. Lincoln wears on Reception Days. for jewels, she had not one-what need of jewels when her hazel eves were all instinct with diamond light and her cheeks like blush roses against white velvet, and her pretty mouth touched with a vivid crimson such as you see where a ripe peach is cleft away from

So Becky Martel stood looking out on the little garden border where May-pinks crowded the shrinking violets out into the path, and silver green southernwood shook its head solemnly at the varnished gold of tossing buttercups; but she did not see the bright spring blossoms.

Mrs. Martel groaned dolorously as she surveyed the stocking she was darning. "I never thought a daughter of mine would be reduced so low.'

"As what, mamma?" said Becky. turning around quickly.

"Is that all?" laughed Becky, suddenly kneeling down so as to bring her cheek close against the old lady's can

"Neither," said Becky; "as nymph of

"Why, Becky Martel, is that you?" Miss Anastasia Brown, the housekeeper's daughter, sat in the curtained bay window, reading a yellow covered book, in an elegant dishabille of blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons-a pale young lady with light eyelashes and reddish brown hair, whom you would have pronounced "rather pretty," in virtue of her blue eyes and wax-like complexion.

"Good morning, Anastasia : is your "Mamma ? Yes, I believe so. She is up stairs laying out the summer cur-

"Yes," said Becky. "I understand "It is." drawled Miss Anastasia. "Can

"Why not? I am poor and must do "But I thought Mrs. Martel had

"The Company had unfortunately fail-

through boots during cold weather, they up as one." "Well, cannot I be a lady still, even

"Do tell ?" said Mrs. Brown. "Think Becky Martin tied the shaker bonnet o' your goin' out as a kitchen gal. Why, It's a come down in the world, ain't itand Widow Martel has always held her head so high. Dear me-kitchen gal !"

Where is the harm?" said Becky, composedly, "I have yet to learn that there is any disgrace in earning an honest livelihood in whatsoever manner may "Of course-of course," said Mrs.

Brown, "but Stasia never washed a dish or ironed a pocket handkerchief in her life-she thinks it kind o' low to workand then Stasia's so literary. However, I don't know as I have any objectionswhat can you do ?"

And Becky went through a list of domestic accomplishments as calmly as a fashionable retired young lady enumerates the conquests she has made, or the number of parties she has attended during the year. Mrs. Brown nodded her head thoughtfully at each one, and Miss Anastasia, who had sauntered up stairs, tossed her ribbons rather scornfully.

"Well, I guess you may come," said Mrs. Brown, "what do you say, Stasia?" "Really," said Miss Anastasia, "it cannot be of much consequence to me who you employ as kitchen maid. Only, Becky Martel-"Well ?"

"I prefer that in speaking to me you would say Miss Anastasia or Miss Brown, henceforth. Our altered position you "Certainly," said Becky, trying hard

pretty cheeks with dimples irrepressible. "I'll remember, Miss Anastasia." "Of course there will be very little intercourse between us," went on Anastasia, not quite certain whether Becky Martel was laughing at her, but feeling a little embarrassed nevertheless. "You

not to laugh-an effort that dotted her

"Callender Smith's uncle's step-mother was my brother's second wife's cous-

know we are related to the Smith's of

!" interrupted Mrs. Brown. "Never mind that, mamma," said Miss Anastasia, rather tartly. "I dare say, Rebecca, you will find Desire Peabody a very pleasant companion-she is the chambermaid, you know, and I hope you'll not get discontented with your

"I shall endeavor to preserve a spirit

of resignation," said Becky dryly. Miss Anastasia was a little puzzled at the new kitchen maid's perfect self-possession, and went down stairs to resume the perusal of the vellow-covered pamphlet, not exactly satisfied with the effect vain. Perhaps fate may bring us togethproduced by her lofty speeches.

Mr. Callender Smith was packing his us.

trunk to leave the city. An occupation which Mr. Callender Smith particularly detested-and so he had given himself a recess for the purpose of smoking a cigar.

He was a dark, handsome young man, with bright, arch eyes and very black hair-an off-haud, gypsy style of good looks that corresponded with the crimson dressing gown to a charm. And withal there was a frank light under the jetty lashes that made people like Callender

Smith whether they would or no. "I don't see" soliloquized Mr. Smith. "how these things are ever going into my trunk. It's like the story in the Ara- arms, white as satin, and perfectly bian Nights-the boots and things have rounded. swelled to twice their size since they came out. If I crammed them in anyhow, and jumped on sake of compactness : it's bad for the cologne bottles and fancy inkstands, if I packed them loose ; I'd like to know how fifteen pair of boots and a dressing-case are going into a valise? Who's that?-Come in. Jefferson-I can't ask you to take a chair, because you see, they are all full: but shall be very happy if you will take first visit here, and so much depends on aside from this vice, he was everything the top of a trunk, or the coal scuttle."

Carl Jefferson advanced gingerly into the room, carefully avoiding the many astasia's white muslin?" traps and pitfalls that strewed the floor. and sat down on an empty hat box.

"Home !"

"And where is that?" "A place called Milldean, in the thriving State of Connecticat."

"Of course! I found myself getting

order to prevent rain-water from passing you are a lady-or have been brought dispirited and headachy, and generally disgusted with city life. Besides, I've a tremulous canopy of soft green leaves a lively desire to see what a dandelion

> "Don't know." "You don't know! Stranger of all talking in riddles?"

"Not a bit of it. I was never there. panion until-The place belonged to an uncle of mine Miss Anastasia drew back, and Becky -by the way, his name was John-who shrick it was, as Becky dropped her bas- ions notices.

Martel went up stairs to the house-keep- was so considerate as to will it to me in ket of crimson fruit among the bushes. er's room with the dignity of a young the absence of other heirs. It's a fine old house, they tell me; the housekeep-Mrs. Brown leisurely polished her er manages things very nicely, and I'm was over. What was he to her, this unspectacles on the end of her apron as just going home to survey the domains known employer, any more than the nine she listened to Becky's statement of her for a week or two. I wish you would hundred and ninety-nine thousand other go with me."

> see-Hallo ! where am I going to ?" "Only through the lid of my hat box. Take care-there goes my dressing case in your blind struggles. Never mind, the banquet that afternoon.

"I am sorry-upon my word, I am, ejaculated the penitent Carl, rubbing his elbows and surveying the chaos around him with ludicrously distressed face .-"Doa't move, Callender, I'll pick up the things in half a second; serves me right for being a blundering blockhead! Here you are-pomade bottles, pen-knife, razor case, hair brushes, and-what do you call this, old fellow?"

Callender Smith turned his head leis urely around; the color deepened suddenly on his dark cheek as he saw Carl Jefferson holding up a small pink glove. "Where did you get that?" he asked, you know ?"

quickly extending his hand for it. "Well, directly from the floor-indirectly, I suppose it came from this ivory box, whose cover I regret to say, is broken. The idea of a lady's glove preserved so tenderly in Callender Smith's waist of her blue check apron. dressing case !- It's a discovery worth had a pretty hand ?"

"Give it to me, Carl-a truce for your nonsense !"

"Then it isn't all asbestos, as people generally think ?" "What isn't?" "Your heart: there is a soft spot

about it somewhere !" "Carl Jefferson, if you don't give me that glove, I'll-' "Do something desperate, I suppose. Well here's the little article.

Kate Morrison's ?" "That little flirt's ?

"Dora Caserly's ?"

"Nor yet Dora's." "Well, whose then?"

"No one you ever saw, Carl, and what is worse, I'm very much afraid that I shall never see her again.' "Then she did make an impression?" "So much of an impression, Carl,"

said the young man speaking gravely now, "that although I met her only a few times at Saratoga, I have remembered her ever since as the only woman I seriously admired or earnestly desired that hung in the air like a floating flowto make my wife." "Why don't you marry her then ?"

"I would, if I knew where she was, and whether she would have me." "Look for her-ask her." "That's easier said than done," sigh-

ed Callender. "I have looked, but in er one of these days : until then this tiny pink glove is the only link between "Sentimental, very!" said Jefferson, shaking his head solemnly. "I'm afraid

you are pretty far gone, old fellow ! It Callender Smith did not reply. He lighted another cigar, and looked pensively at its curl-wreaths, as if the past

were interwoven in those faint blue mists. The door opened, and the kitchen maid presented herself in answer to the housekeeper's abrupt call, with a blue checked apron tied about her trim waist, and the sleeves rolled about a pair of

"Well, Mrs. Brown ?" "You are sure the fowl will be nicely

roasted for dinner ?" "Ouite sure."

"And the creams will be properly fla-"Certainly-I saw to them myself."

" I saw her carry it up stairs." "Oh, very well. You see, Becky," night, thinkin' what might happen !"

Well what sort of a place is Milldean?" head, was simply bewitching. Perhaps could outsing a hungry mosquito. the brown winged robin in the hedge

Becky smiled a little wishing in her secret heart that Mr. Smith's sojourn Smiths roaming at large. So she took a "I could not possibly, Callender. You little basket on her arm, and stole away down the shaded garden paths to gather luscious raspberries for the manufacture

> "I beg your pardon," really exclaimed the embarrassed young man, who had swung himself lightly over the hedge, "but I fancied this was the shortest way

> of a nest of tartlets that were to crown

to the house. I did not know-' He stopped all of a sudden, and looked at her with bewildered eyes.

"Miss Martel !" "Mr. Smith !"

"What does it mean-how does it happen-I should say, how came you here? "I might ask the same question of you !" said Becky with all the regal dignity that never deserted the kitchen girl.

Becky colored to the roots of her glossy curls-she was just beginning to realize matters. But she was regal still, with the empty basket on her arm and her heart throbbing violently behind the

"And I do live here, Mr. Smith, almaking .- Number six-she must have though I never dreamed that you were the master of Milldean !"

"Live here! Excuse me. Miss Martel. but I fail to comprehend you." "I am kitchen maid at the Dean, said Becky, more like a queen than she

had ever spoken in her life. "Kitchen maid! Miss Martel! Will you be so kind as to explain yourself?" the remedy? The answer is simple "Certainly, sir. I am poor-it became this was the path that seemed open to me. Do not for a moment suppose that relaxation, breaks down body and mind whose is it, Callender, honor bright? I am ashamed of the position, involving But it will be said we have to work like as it does honest labor, for I am not."

No, she was not; and Callender Smith respected her at that moment more than he had ever done in the crowd and glitter of the Saratoga ball-room.

"Miss Martel," quietly taking her

berry-stained hand in his. "I have something to say to you-something I have tions and improve the mind. Health. wanted to say ever since the morning when you vanished away from Saratoga, no one knew how or whither." "What is it ?"

What was it ! Ask the brown robins that fluttered around the two young heads ; ask the great purple butterfly er : ask the sunshine that streams in amber rain about their feet :- for we ers, who till the soil, come into closest shall not tell. All we mean to disclose relations with Nature. All the sciences is that Mr. Smith walked to the house, are more or less intimately connected in full view of the astonished housekeep. with the soil. There is no lack of food

maid leaning on his arm. "Well, upon my word!" ejaculated

"Did you ever !" panted Anastasia. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith," said the housekeeper, advancing out on the terrace to meet her new master, "but perhaps you're not aware that forward minx is nothin' but our kitchen gal ?" "You are mistaken, Mrs. Brown."

my betrothed wife-you may regulate your conduct according." Mrs. Brown staggered back a pace or two. Miss Anastasia, more susceptible, fainted on the sofa in the bay window, to the great crumpling and detriment of

her white muslin dress. Not until the day they were married did Callender Smith show Becky Martel the rose tinted glove. "You see how long I have loved you,"

he said simply. AH, SO FAIR.

A Nashville paper describes the "only

young man" in Fayettesville as follows "He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, "I wouldn't have anything happen in the middle; he was proud, he was wrong for ten dollars," said Mrs. Brown, bold, but the truth must be told, he solemnly. "You see it's Mr. Smith's played like a fiend on the fiddle. But, first impressions. O, by the way, do nice and his heart was so loving and you know if Desire has ironed Miss An- tender, and he always turned pale when when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked a store, and the way that he tore off "Packing up, eh? Where are you said Mrs. Brown, growing confidential, calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would "Mr. Smith and Stasia are sort o' relat- have tickled a calf and made the brute ed-my brother's second wife's cousin laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. was his uncle's step mother-and if he He cut quite a dash with a darling musshould take a fancy to her! It's just tache, which he learned to adore and like what's always happenin' in novels, cherish: for one girl had said, while "May I ask the cause of this sudden and the child couldn't hardly sleep last she drooped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On A very pretty picture she made, most Sunday he'd search the straight road to unconsciously, the sunshine sifting thro' the church, unheeding the voice of the scorner: and demurely he sat, like a upon the disordered silky curls, and voung tabby cat, with the saints in the is like, and to inhale an atmosphere not touching her fair forehead with tiny far amen corner. He sang like a bird, impregnated with gas, frangippanni and shafts of gold, while the flush of heat on and his sweet voice was heard, tugging her cheek and little mouth, redder than away at long metre; and we speak but "A tolerably good array of reasons .- the reddest cherry on the old tree over- the truth when we say that this youth

and great purple maroon butterflies flit. A Vermont preacher who sarcastically Smiths, what does this mean? Are you ting among the rose-thickets beyond, asked his congregation to pray for the thought so, for they were her only com- editor of the local paper, had a bill sent to him for thirteen years subscription Ye fates ! what a frightened bit of a to that paper and \$300 worth of relig-

WHY DO THE YOUNG RUSH TO THE TOWNS AND CITIES !

HOW TO PREVENT IT. Many newspapers, especially those of the cities, are always doing good work, the value of which can hardly be overestimated, in warning the youth of country homes of the risk they run in rushing to towns, and especially large cities, where they too often have to eke out a miserable existence, or suffer absolute

By way of preventing a calamity, it is well to look at its cause. Now, what is the attraction to young men in the large cities? They are simply dazzled and bewildered by what they see and hear. Dress is one of the first things that attracts and secures attention; then comes all the fascination of places of amusement, and the possibility of great wealth, which so few, after all, win. These things contrast strikingly with the life of many country homes, where young men and young women (who, till experience teaches them, can see only "Why, I'm coming to live here-don't the bright side of city life) are mere drudges-"hewers of wood and drawers of water." Yes, we say drudges, whose lives are no better than that of the poorest dray-horse.

Now, it won't do for Press and Pulpi to preach to such people that their condition will be injured by coming to the cities ; for in fact with some of them is much improved: yet, it is well known that the youth of the country have rushed to the cities till various kinds of trades and professions seem likely to be overcrowded, and hence come want, "poverty, hunger and dirt," suicide, and other crimes too horrible to mention. The reader may now naturally ask, What is enough. Let home be made attractive soil. Daily and steady toil, without any slaves to live. No doubt, many starting with little if any capital in a new country, have hard work and great privations to undergo, which unfit their minds for effort; but there are the winter evenings when the farmer and his family surround their own fireside to cultivate the affectemperance and well-directed industry, Castor and Casar? soon secure to even the poorest in our favored land, a comfortable competency. Then by degrees, home can be made beautiful by the proper management of a fruitful soil. It will yield not only what is necessary to sustain life comfortably, but also pleasures to gratify the most gifted minds. They, of all other and Miss Anastasia, with the kitchen for the mind or body. Thus, while we have not an enlightened cultivation of soil and mind, so long will the young men of the country flee from the music of nature to the cities' din, to drag out acting toil of traders, who are but the agents of the tillers of the soil. Let us have enlightened agriculture, and a more equal distribution of wealth must necessarily follow. The producer and consumer will then shake hands: the farmer will wear as smooth a coat as the merchant, and be at least as well educated; and, above all, his relations will be directly with the Giver of all good,

perhaps a miserable existence in the exsaid Callender Smith quietly. "She is who never cheats his children; thus his | dent is its actual truth. home will be enriched, and made happy If all this be true of those with little means, how much more quickly can it itan fashion, at a town meeting, to setbe reached by those who are better off!

> land all paid for, plenty of money at in- that time, a Mr. S. who always took an terest, and yet not only denies his fami- active part in the religious doings of the ly, but himself, the necessaries of life. Such people are not the benefactors of fidel. At the meeting above-named he their race. It is they who drive the oung men and maidens to the cities; who rob the soil of God's bounty, taking all they can get, but putting nothing back; and who wring from their offspring their very heart's blood, and thus exile them from homes-if such they can be called-to whither they know not. While these hard-handed farmers squeeze out the life-blood of the young, and cultivate neither mind nor soil, so long will the young flee from the homes of their fathers. Through this bright, good land -the home of the weary and oppressed of all nations-many people, especially in the Western and Northwestern States have already not only the but the luxuries of life_ Few, if any, till the soil intelligently.

For the most part the soil is robbed, but a sad day of reckoning will come if this thing lasts. It has already come to Virginia, and it will come to her sister States, if the application of useful knowledge to agriculture be neglected. We look for better results. General education will settle the question; and if the tillers of the ground will be true it and themselves, all that heart can wish will follow. The young will then stay at home, enjoying all the blessings that can come from a fruitful soil .- Pen

Chicago has a female sexton and they charge her with reserving all the best graves for young men.

NAST INTERVIEWED.

A reporter of the Chicago Times recently interviewed Thomas Nast, and found him speechless as a natural result of his extended lecture tour. Mr. Nast however, made out, with the aid of his cravon to make himself understood, and a lively conversation was the result.

"Would you have any objection to be-

ing interviewed. Mr. Nast ?" A spasm of pain crossed the artist's face for a moment, and then rushing to the bed he dived down under it and brought out a large blackboard. Seizng a piece of crayon, he vigorously commenced scratching upon it, and in a few seconds the reporter beheld a prostrate figure of Nast writhing in the agonies of death, while upon his body sat six able-bodied men poking him in the short ribs with lead pencils and note books. This led the reporter to infer that Mr. Nast did not like being inter-

Reporter-But why, Mr. Nast? What

do you think of reporters? The caricaturist here drew a pump with a quillist vigorously working the

R .- You think they ask too many uestions. But do they not always tell

the truth in regard to their interviews? The figure of George Washington armed with his little hatchet was hastily sketched upon the board, and under-

neath it the single word "Reporter." R.-I see you appreciate their veracity. Pray, tell me, do you enjoy Chica-

A picture of boned turkey, champagne, gin cocktails, and Calumet snipe, fried, hastily followed. After remarks as to some local celeb-

rities, the conversation proceeded. R .- Are you meeting with much suc ess in your entertainments? A picture of a railway train loaded

with greenbacks and each car ticketed "Th. Nast." followed. R .- How much do you expect to make

A Masonic eve with a well-developed wink was drawn. R .- Do you really labor from patriotism, and do you think President Grant the modern condensation of Achilles.

ed a great deal like his own, and under the end of it a thumb with four fingers extended at a wiggle. R .- I have been much pleased with you Mr. Nast, and should like to know you more intimately. I shall take pleas-

The artist here drew a nose that look-

ure in calling again. Of course it will be agreeable to you? The artist hastily drew a number ten boot, elevated at an angle of forty-five legrees, and cosily nestled its extremity

under just such a coat as the reporter Inferring from this that Mr. Nast would be pleased to see him again, the reporter refused the kind offer of a doz-

en parquette reserved seat tickets, and

A TRUE INCIDENT. On reading an excellent article in your paper of the 30th ult., on "Troublesome Minorities," in the hearing of a friend, he related to me an anecdote printed in a report of St. Stephen's House, Boston, by Dr. E. M. P. Wells, of which not the least merit of the inci-

About eighty years ago, in the rather noted town of L-, in Connecticut, the people assembled, after the old Purtle a new minister of the "standing or-Many a hard-handed farmer has his der." There resided in that town, at standing order, although he was an inused his utmost exertions in a very plausible way, not to oppose the settlement of a minister, but to hinder it by suggesting reason for delay. A young lawyer, who had recently commenced his professional life in that town, becoming completely wearied with the delay and much talking, dropped his head upon the rail before him and seemed to fall asleep. After some time he suddenly started up and exclaimed .-

"Mr. Moderator! I have just had a dream, and would like to tell it if it's in

From all parts of the assembly the people responded, "A dream! a dream!

"Mr. Moderator, I dreamed that I died and went to hell! As I entered its portal I beheld his satanic majesty seated in an arm-chair. He said to me, "Who's coming now? and where did you come from ?" "I'm from L--" "What are they doing there?" "They are settling a minister." Settling a minister!" Jack, bring me my boots!

word to oppose? "Oh, yes; Mr. S. is there." 'Ah! my friend S.?' Jack, you needn't bring the boots; he will do just as well as if I was there myself." It is unnecessary to enlarge further

"While the boots were coming he con-

tinued: Is there no one there to say a

on the result. They voted to settle a minister before they adjourned.